Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene: For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eies.

Ho. O Ieſu, hee doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanyed: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, heere lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at: ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares, not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble cariage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake li
and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou do
ly both in word and matter, h
bet-ſucker, or a *Poulters* hare

Prince Well, heere I am ſet

Falſ And heere I ſtand, i

Prince. Now *Harry*, when

Falſ. My noble Lord, fro

Prince. The complaints I

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, th
young *Prince* yfaith.

Prince. Swearſt thou, vng
on me, thou art violently ca
uell haunts thee in the likene
is thy companion: why doſ
humors, that boulting-hutch
of Dropſies, that huge bomb
of guttes, that roſted Man
his belly, that reuerent Vice,
fian, that vanity in yeares: w
and drinke it? wherein neat
and eate it? wherein cunning
in Villanie? wherein villano
thy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous ab
ſtalffe, that old white-bearded

Fal. My Lord, the man I

Fal. But to ſay, I know m
were to ſay more then I know
tie) his white haires do witne
uerence) a whoremaſter, tha
be a fault, God helpe the w
ſinne, then many an old Ho
fatte, be to be hated, then *P*
No, my good Lord, baniſh *Pe*

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